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Chapter 1 by Story Wars

I have lived in London for almost my entire life. My mother was from London, my father from America. When they were married my mother moved to America, too. I was one year old the night of the fire. The night my parents died. My mother got me out of the house, but she died of inhaling to much smoke. I was found by the neighbors and eventually sent to London where my only living relative, my grandmother, lives.

But back to the present now. My name is Cathrine Eastwood. I am 18 years old and tonight I am too be married. The year, 1875. Let me explain to you how I got into this situation. (That is what this story is about!)

It was 1873. I was walking to the market when a handsome, young, gentleman came up to me. He slipped a small piece of paper in my hand. 'Hyde Park. Tonight at 8:30.' The note said. That night I slipped out of the house in one of my best dresses. I wondered where in the park he had meant, Hyde Park was quite large. I had worried for nothing for he was standing at the parks most common entrance. "I am here, now. What do you want?" I guestioned in a polite manner. I was very curious as to his answer.

"I know it sounds weird but, I have been watching you." He hurried on. "I wish only to meet you." Will you walk with me?"

I did not decline. I have to admitt it was absurd, but I had always been the curious type. "Yes, but you have to answer any questions I might have." I said.

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beautiful, and for about two weeks now. He had asked me to come again in a fortnight and to keep this meeting a secret. I wanted to know more about that mysterious boy, so I agreed.

That night was quite peculiar, indeed. But that was not the only odd thing that happened to me in that week. The next day infact, I was sitting in the dress shop waiting to be fitted when another young gentleman sat down next to me.

"Waiting to be fitted I suppose?" He asked.

"Yes, and you?" I said.

"I'm waiting for my sister to be finished. What's your name." He replied.

"Cathrine Eastwood. And who might you be?" I said.

"Simon Lermight, pleased to meet you." He replied.

"And I you." I said remembering what my grandmother had taught me about manners.

"Well good luck than." He said, adding on. "Will I be seeing you again, Miss Eastwood?"

"Oh I'm sure you will see me around." I said, he smiled at that.

"There's my sister, I had better be off then." He said walking off to a girl no more then 14.

Little did I know that my future and the futures of those two boys were intertwined so tightly that it might have ended in a disater if I hadn't been so lucky.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

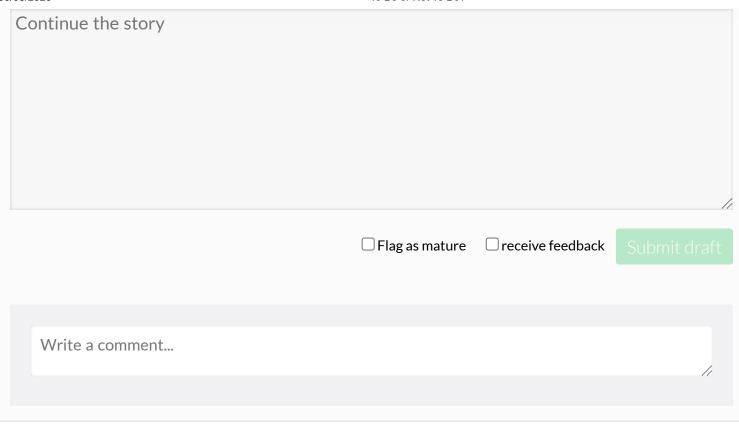
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